MARVEL

ALL-NEW X-MEN SPECIAL

THE ARMS OF THE OCTOPUS
PART 1 OF 3

001

ATTEMPTING TO FORCE CYCLOPS TO FACE HIS MISDEEDS, AMONG THEM THE MURDER OF CHARLES XAVIER, BEAST TRAVELED BACK IN TIME TO RECRUIT THE ONLY PEOPLE HE FELT COULD DO SO—THE ORIGINAL X-MEN. TRANSPORTED TO THE PRESENT, THEY WERE FORCED TO FACE THE DARK REALITY OF THEIR FATES. IN RESPONSE, THE TIME-DISPLACED TEAM DECIDED TO STAY IN AN ATTEMPT TO BETTER THE FUTURE THEY HAVE FOUND. HOWEVER, DISCENSION FORMED AMONG THE TEAM LEADING TO ANGEL ABANDONING HIS FRIENDS. NOW, STRANDED AND SEPARATED, THE ORIGINAL TEAM MUST FIND THEIR OWN PLACE IN THIS UNFAMILIAR WORLD.

ELEGY in the CLASSROOM

MIKE COSTA — WRITER

KRIS ANKA — PENCILS AND INKS

JORDIE BELLAIRE — COLOR ARTIST

VC'S CORY PETIT — LETTERER

ALEXANDER LOZANO — COVER ART

XANDER JAROWEY — ASSISTANT EDITOR

JORDAN D. WHITE — ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NICK LOWE — EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO — EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOE QUESADA — CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER

DAN BUCKLEY — PUBLISHER

ALAN FINE — EXEC. PRODUCER

© 2013 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

IN THE FIFTH CENTURY BC, THE GREAT BANQUET HALL OF THESSALY COLLAPSED.

LOOK AT THIS. THIS IS A MESS.

IT'S THE SAME AS IT'S ALWAYS BEEN, BOBBY.

WELL I DON'T REMEMBER IT AT ALL.

STANDING IN THE RUBBLE, THE POET SIMONIDES OF CLEOS REALIZED HE COULD REMEMBER EXACTLY WHERE EACH GUEST OF THE BANQUET HAD BEEN SITTING BEFORE THE ROOF CAVED IN.

CERTAINLY ***THE PEOPLE*** LOOK THE SAME.

HE FURTHER REALIZED THAT, IF IT HAD BEEN OTHER PEOPLE OR OBJECTS AT THE TABLE--THE EGYPTIAN PHARAOHS IN ORDER OF SUCCESSION, OR HIS OWN ***SHOPPING LIST***--HE'D BE ABLE TO REMEMBER THOSE, TOO. HE COULD JUST USE HIS IMAGINATION TO ***PUT*** THEM THERE.

HE'D INADVERTENTLY INVENTED THE "METHOD OF LOCI," THE ACT OF ASSOCIATING THINGS YOU WISH TO REMEMBER WITH FAMILIAR PLACES OR OBJECTS, ALLOWING FOR FEATS OF SUPER-MEMORIZATION.

I USE A VERSION OF THIS METHOD TO MEMORIZE EVERYTHING. RICHARD FEYMEN'S PAPERS. JACQUES PEPIN'S RECIPES. RILKE'S POETRY.

REALLY, IT ALL LOOKS THE SAME AS IT ALWAYS HAS. THIS IS ***NO BIG DEAL.***

INTERESTINGLY, NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURES INVENTED A FORM OF THE LOCI METHOD INDEPENDENTLY. BUT INSTEAD OF USING BUILDINGS, THEY USED THEIR NATURAL LANDSCAPES.

YEAH, EXCEPT FOR HAVING TVS EVERYWHERE (WHICH IS REALLY COOL) THIS DOESN'T SEEM SO CRAZY. YOU GUYS WERE WORRIED FOR NOTHING.

THAT MEANT EVERY HILL AND RIVER BECAME MORE THAN IT WAS--NOT JUST A MAP OF THEIR LAND, BUT A MAP OF THEIR ***CULTURE.***

SLOW UP, BOBBY.

C'MON, HANK. WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? NEW YORK CAN'T BE ANY CRAZIER THAN IT ALREADY ***WAS.***

SO WHEN THE LAND CHANGED, OR WAS TAKEN AWAY FROM THEM, THEY DIDN'T JUST LOSE THEIR HOMES. THEY LOST THEIR STORIES.

ERR...

MY NAME IS DR. HENRY MCCOY.

OSCORP
INDUSTRIES
SERVAL
INDUSTRIES
STARK
I HAVE A HEADACHE.
AND *I* DON'T KNOW WHAT MY STORY IS ANYMORE *EITHER*.

I CALLED ELIZA. SHE WASN'T THERE
TOTALLY BOMBED THAT TEST
THAT SHOW HAPPYLAND? HILARIOUS
THAT MOVIE SUCKED
DON'T HANG UP ON ME!
TE ECHO DE MENOS
DOOM HAS IT RIGHT
I HAVE TO BREAK UP WITH
CHICK IS FREAKING OUT

MURDER BY DEATH? MOVIE OR BAND?
RIDICULOUS, HE'S BLIND AND
HAVE SUPERPOWERS. SERIOUSLY, I DO
THAT'S RACIST DUDE
YEAH, AT LEAST IN THE DANGER ROOM YOU CAN'T SMELL ANYTHING.
THIS IS EVEN *WORSE* THAN THE DANGER ROOM MADE IT SEEM.
AND ALL THESE PEOPLE... DO THEY JUST *NOT CARE* THAT EVERYONE CAN HEAR THEM?

SEE THE FUTURE, THEN THAT'S IT MAN
NOW I KNOW WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO BE YOU, JEAN.
READ IT ON THE DISSOLVE
SEE THAT GIRL'S LEGS?
CAN YOU PICK ME UP?
YEAH... NOT REALLY.
NO ONE BUYS CDS ANYMORE COME ON
OUT IN A CHEF'S TOQUE

GUYS...I'M STARTING TO GET DIZZY. THIS ISN'T AS FUN AS I'D HOPED.
AND I NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE LESS CROWDED.
WHERE'S AVENGER'S TOWER?
I'M BLOWING IT
I AGREE. THE EFFECT OF ALL THIS SENSORY OVERLOAD IS... UNPLEASANT.
IMING WITH ME ALL DAY

I'LL GO WITH YOU, JEAN. YOU GUYS CAN HEAD OFF ON YOUR OWN IF YOU CAN STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.
HORSE WITH WINGS? THAT'S REAL
MOVED TO THE SUBURBS AND IT SUCKS
OH. OKAY. PERHAPS BOBBY AND I WILL GO TO THE PARK? IT CAN'T BE AS CHAOTIC AS THIS, AND THE VIEW IS CERTAIN TO BE MORE AGREEABLE.
BARTENDER IS TOTALLY WRONG FOR HER
DOESN'T CARE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE

LITTLE WHILE BACK, JEAN KISSED ME. IT'S BEEN A...CONFUSING TIME. IS IT POSSIBLE SCOTT KNOWS? IS IT POSSIBLE HE SENT BOBBY AND I OFF SO HE COULD BE ALONE WITH HER? WHAT COULD THEY BE TALKING ABOUT? I NEED SOMETHING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THIS. SOME SORT OF...

DISTRACTION.

BEST. IDEA. *EVER.*

MAN, FINALLY A PART OF THE FUTURE THAT'S *EXACTLY* LIKE I'D IMAGINED!

MHM.

SPANDEX! I KNEW IT WOULD CATCH ON!

BOBBY, I'LL LEAVE YOU TO IT. SOMETHING ELSE HAS CAUGHT MY ATTENTION.

NO...

WHAT IS IT? A JELLO-WRESTLING CLASS?

"IT'S A GIRL STUDYING SOMETHING MUCH MORE BEAUTIFUL."

"YOU ARE NOTHING BUT ASHES BUT NEVERTHELESS/ PICK UP THE PARKER PEN I GAVE YOU. WRITE ME./ WRITE."

"ANNA WHO WAS MAD." ONE OF MY FAVORITES. YOU'RE A FAN OF ANNE SEXTON?

OH ABSOLUTELY. ESPECIALLY THAT POEM. IT'S ABOUT WONDERING IF THERE ISN'T SOMETHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE TO AVERT A TRAGEDY.

IT'S ALSO, OF COURSE, ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS.

SEXTON STRUGGLED WITH MENTAL ILLNESS ALL HER LIFE AND, SADLY, KILLED HERSELF. HER WORK AT THE END OF HER LIFE WAS CRITICALLY LAMBASTED, AND THAT MIGHT HAVE CONTRIBUTED.

THE WORLD CAN BE CRUEL TO THOSE WHO ARE DIFFERENT...

YOU'RE RAMBLING. STOP RAMBLING. YOU ALWAYS DO THIS.

YOU KNOW, IN A TRAGIC CONCORDANCE, BOTH SHE AND SYLVIA PLATH COMMITTED SUICIDE THROUGH CARBON MONOXIDE POISONING...

OH.

SO...

"TRAGIC CONCORDANCE"? YOU'VE GOTTA PULL OUT OF THIS DIVE. ASK A QUESTION! ABOUT HER!

...SO. IS THAT WHAT YOU DO?

CARBON MONOXIDE POISONING...?

NO! POETRY. ARE YOU A POET?

OH. HA. NO. I'M ACTUALLY A PH.D. STUDENT AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY. I'M STUDYING THE PROBLEM OF RADIATION FEEDBACK IN TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENTS.

TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENTS? YOU MEAN TIME TRAVEL?

WELL, TECHNICALLY YES. IT'S PROBABLY THE MOST COMPLICATED SCIENCE EMERGING RIGHT NOW, OUTSIDE OF MAYBE WHATEVER REED RICHARDS HAS GOING ON IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE. I ONLY WORK ON ONE SMALL ASPECT OF THE THEORY.

OH MY STARS AND GARTERS.

HUH. OKAY.

WELL, IT WAS NICE TALKING TO YOU--

STOP!

STOP HIM! HE'S GOT OUR PURSES!

IN A WAY, IT'S A BLESSING.

EXCUSE MY RUDENESS, BUT I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT PERSON.

BUT HE'S HALFWAY ACROSS THE PARK. ARE YOU... ONE OF THOSE KINDS OF BAREFOOT SPRINTERS OR SOMETHING?

WHY DRAG THIS OUT ONE MORE EXCRUCIATING SECOND?

WHEN I CAN JUST PUT MY *FEET* DOWN AND END IT NOW?

NOT REALLY.

PLEASE DON'T SCREAM.

I ASSURE YOU, I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS.

HUFF. HUFF.

THERE ARE THOSE-- EVEN ON MY OWN TEAM--WHO DELIGHT IN FISTICUFFS.

THEY'D CHASE THIS MAN DOWN JUST FOR THE CHANCE TO LOOSEN A FEW OF HIS YELLOWED TEETH.

HUFF. HUH?

TAP TAP

WHO THE--?

I'VE ALWAYS FAVORED MORE *ELEGANT* SOLUTIONS.

DID YOU GET HIM?

YOU GOT HIM! GREAT JOB!

IT'S NICE TO KNOW SOME TRICKS NEVER GO OUT OF STYLE.

AND WHERE WERE YOU?

I WAS DOING YOGA!

AND...I SORTA PULLED A MUSCLE.

OH WOW.

BEING THRUST FORWARD INTO THE FUTURE CAUSES ALL KINDS OF PROBLEMS. CAUSAL RELATIONSHIP PROBLEMS. CONSERVATION OF MATTER PARADOXES.

YOU'RE A *MUTANT?*

NOT TO MENTION EMOTIONAL TRAUMA, INTELLECTUAL STRESS AND THE INESCAPABLE SUSPICION THAT YOU MIGHT BE GOING INSANE.

BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING TO BE SAID FOR IT...

YES. IT SEEMS I AM.

THAT'S *SO COOL.*

IT'S NICE TO BE CONSTANTLY *SURPRISED.*

I'M SORRY I WAS SO TONGUE-TIED EARLIER. IT'S JUST THAT I STUDIED THEORETICAL PHYSICS AT EMPIRE STATE UNDER DR. DAVID JUDE, AND I'D NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE YOURSELF IN THE CLASS.

THOUGH I WISH I HAD.

I'M STUDYING UNDER DR. JUDE! HOW LONG AGO WERE YOU THERE? YOU SEEM SO ***YOUNG.***

OH, IT WAS LONGER THAN YOU MIGHT THINK.

YOU WANT TO COME BACK TO THE LAB? I'VE GOT SOME THINGS I NEED TO CHECK ON, AND I'M SURE DR. JUDE WOULD LOVE TO VISIT WITH A FORMER STUDENT!

THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL.

HANK, I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS SUCH A GREAT IDEA. WE SHOULDN'T SEPARATE OURSELVES ANY FURTHER. WHAT IF SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS?

SOMETHING ELSE ***IS*** GOING TO HAPPEN, BOBBY. I'M GOING TO TURN INTO A GIANT BLUE ***HOMUNCULUS*** AT SOME POINT IN THE NEAR FUTURE, AND THEN PRETTY GIRLS WON'T BE INVITING ME ANYWHERE ANYMORE.

SURELY ***YOU,*** OF ALL PEOPLE, CAN APPRECIATE THIS CHANCE.

I DON'T KNOW...

I'LL LET YOU TAKE ALL THE CREDIT FOR BEING A HERO.

WELL...

WOW. THIS PLACE *HAS* CHANGED QUITE A BIT.

WHEN I WAS ONE OF DR. JUDE'S STUDENTS, HE HAD AN ENTIRE *WING* TO HIMSELF.

JEEZ, REALLY? HOW LONG AGO WAS *THAT?*

I'M, AH, OLDER THAN I LOOK...

OH! HERE'S THE DOCTOR NOW!

DR. JUDE, THIS IS...

HANK MCCOY, SIR. YOU PROBABLY DON'T REMEMBER ME. I TOOK ONE OF YOUR COURSES ON GAMMA MEDICINE... A WHILE BACK. YOUR WORK WAS AHEAD OF ITS TIME.

HM. YES... I THINK I REMEMBER YOU. A LITTLE *YOUNG* TO HAVE TAKEN MY CLASS "A WHILE BACK," YES?

MY, AH, MOM ALWAYS SAID I HAVE A BABY FACE.

I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED TO FIND YOU'VE TRANSITIONED INTO TEMPORAL DISPLACEMENT SCIENCES.

I'M SURPRISED TO FIND MYSELF HERE, ACTUALLY. BUT, GAMMA RADIATION HAS A STIGMA NOW THAT IT DIDN'T WHEN I BEGAN MY WORK.

I STILL GET TO APPLY MY WORK, BUT NOW TO THE MUCH MORE *AU COURANT* APPLICATIONS OF TIME TRAVEL. ARE YOU FAMILIAR AT ALL WITH THE FIELD?

PASSINGLY SO.

EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR, BUT ARE THESE READINGS CURRENT?

THERE'S A MASSIVE RADIATION SPIKE! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

SOME KIND OF LEAK?

WE NEED TO EVACUATE!

RUMMMBLL

HM. WELL, THE GOOD NEWS IS, I DON'T THINK THIS IS A LEAK.

JUDE!

I WANT DAVID JUDE!

OH MY GOD!

GET BEHIND ME! GET OUT OF HERE!

I SEARCH MY MEMORY AND THERE HE IS LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY. BUT FOR ME, IT BASICALLY *WAS* YESTERDAY.

OTTO OCTAVIUS. BRILLIANT RESEARCHER. DRIVEN INSANE BY RADIOACTIVE EXPOSURE AND *DISGRACE*.

HE'S JUST A HUGE MOVING JUNGLE GYM.

I TRAINED ON SOMETHING JUST LIKE THIS IN THE DANGER ROOM.

HE ATTACKED A HOSPITAL AND A NUCLEAR PLANT BEFORE HE WAS CAPTURED. BUT IT SEEMS LIKE NOBODY STAYS CAPTURED FOR VERY LONG IN THE FUTURE.

THE WHAT?

GET THE DOCTOR OUT OF HERE!

MAYBE I CAN MAKE MY BIGGEST IMPACT HERE BY TAKING A LOOK AT HOW TO IMPROVE THE *INCARCERATION SYSTEM*. SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

FOR NOW, I SHOULD JUST BE GRATEFUL I HAVE A SECOND OPPORTUNITY TO IMPRESS MOLLY...

NEXT WAVE II IN 3D

"3D"? IS THAT A THING? I CAN'T EVEN WEAR THESE GLASSES ANYWAY. MAYBE WE SHOULD GET SOME LUNCH INSTEAD.

SCOTT, THE WHOLE POINT OF SEEING A MOVIE IS TO GO SOMEWHERE THERE AREN'T A MILLION PEOPLE TALKING. AND TO BE SOMEWHERE WE DON'T HAVE TO *TALK.*

NEXT WAVE II IN 3D

OH, OF COURSE. I ONLY MEANT THAT...I DIDN'T MEAN...

YOU'RE NOT READING MY MIND RIGHT NOW, ARE YOU?

I DON'T ***NEED*** TO READ YOUR MIND, SCOTT. THAT'S WHY I THOUGHT IT BEST IF WE--

HANK?!

HANK, ARE YOU OKAY?

SORRY, SCOTT...I GOT INTO A FIGHT AT SCHOOL.

WELL...MAYBE MOLLY IS IMPRESSED WITH THE DISTANCE I WAS JUST THROWN!

AW MAN. THIS IS SUPPOSED TO HELP ME *RELAX.*

UGH! LOOK AT HIM! WHY DID SPANDEX HAVE TO CATCH ON?

WHO THE HECK IS *THIS* GUY? NOT A *MUTANT.*

NO. JUST SOME CRAZY GUY WHO GOT POWERS AND WENT CRAZY, I GUESS. JEAN, CAN YOU SEE INSIDE HIS HEAD?

THERE'S SO MUCH RAGE. IT'S... IT'S LIKE A STORM IN THERE. I CAN'T GET ANYTHING USEFUL.

ISN'T THIS ONE OF SPIDER-MAN'S MANIACS?

THWIP

WHAT *IS* THIS? SOME KIND OF SICK *JOKE?*

OUT OF MY WAY, CHILDREN.

WOW. SPIDER-MAN'S *WAY CREEPIER* IN PERSON.

I DON'T KNOW *WHO* YOU ARE BUT YOU PICKED THE *WRONG* PERSON TO--

AAAH! WHAT--?

UNHAND ME! YOU LUMBERING FOOL!

OCK'S BLAZING WITH GAMMA RADIATION! YOU CAN'T GET TOO CLOSE FOR TOO LONG. WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO CONTAIN HIM.

LEAVE ME BE, SPIDER-MAN! I MUST FIND JUDE! I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

WE HAVE TO GET HIM OFF THE STREET!

WHO ARE ALL OF YOU? SOME KIND OF MAD CLONING EXPERIMENT OF XAVIER'S HE INTENDED TO PUNISH THE WORLD WITH AFTER HIS DEATH?

THAT'S SO WRONG IT'S ALMOST COME BACK AROUND TO BEING RIGHT.

WELL, REGARDLESS, YOUR CYCLOPS, JR. IS RIGHT. WE NEED THIS ABOMINATION AWAY FROM INNOCENTS.

WE WERE HOPING THAT YOU, AS THE EXPERT HERE, MIGHT HAVE A PLAN.

OF COURSE I DO. DON'T WORRY.

YOU THERE! ICEBOY!

MAN.

HA! I THINK NOT.

CAN YOU DO ANYTHING MORE USEFUL THAN HURL SNOWBALLS?

UH...

I NEED YOU TO LOWER THE TEMPERATURE AROUND THIS FRAUD, AND INSIDE OF HIS LUNGS TOO. YOU CAN'T JUST FREEZE HIM IN A BLOCK OF ICE BECAUSE THAT *INSULATES.* YOU NEED TO LOWER HIS *CORE TEMPERATURE.*

NOW *YOU!* JEAN GREY CLONE!

I'M NOT A *CLONE.*

I'M CERTAIN THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE FIRST CLONE SAID.

I NEED YOU TO USE YOUR TELEKINESIS TO TRY TO KEEP THOSE ARMS IN CHECK. AND HAVE YOUR BOYFRIEND USE HIS OPTIC BLAST TO HERD THIS MONSTER TOWARD THE PARK.

HE'S NOT MY BOYFRIEND.

DR. DAVID JUDE! JUST BRING ME TO HIM!

WHY ARE BAD GUYS ALWAYS CRAZY?

ALWAYS, RIGHT?

THIS IS TAKING TOO LONG.

CAN YOU SPEED UP HIS TEMPERATURE DROP WITHOUT KILLING HIM?

UM... NO?

I DON'T EVEN THINK I CAN DO THE ***FIRST*** THING YOU ASKED ME. I'M...NOT AS EXPERIENCED WITH THESE POWERS AS THE OTHER ICEMAN YOU MAY HAVE RUN INTO.

HOPELESS.

JUST ICE UP MY HANDS.

KEEP THOSE ARMS AWAY FROM ME FOR SIX SECONDS. YOU CAN MANAGE ***THAT*** MUCH, I'D HOPE.

AND I'LL FOCUS ON...

...MY MOST IRONIC PUNCH YET!

WOW. THAT WAS IMPRESSIVELY HANDLED.

BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM *NOW?* IS THERE SOME AGENCY THAT WILL COME SCOOP HIM UP? S.H.I.E.L.D. OR SOMETHING?

ABSOLUTELY NOT. IF S.H.I.E.L.D. PICKS THIS THING UP, I'LL NEVER SEE IT AGAIN. AND I HAVE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.

SO DO YOU HAVE A BASE? LIKE A "SPIDER- HOLE"? OR... UH, (WHAT'S THE WORD FOR WHERE SPIDERS LIVE?)

I DO. BUT ITS A LITTLE FULL AT THE MOMENT...

WELL WE CAN'T JUST TAKE HIM ANY OLD PLACE. HE'S *DANGEROUSLY RADIOACTIVE.*

I KNOW WHERE WE CAN TAKE HIM.

YOU BROUGHT HIM *BACK* HERE?!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. AND SPIDER-MAN ASSURES US THAT OCTAVIUS IS NO LONGER A THREAT ONCE HIS ARMS ARE REMOVED.

TODAY WAS A VACATION DAY. I WENT TO THE CITY WITH MY FRIENDS. I MET A GIRL READING POETRY IN THE PARK. AND NOW I'M WATCHING A MAN WITH SPIDER POWERS REMOVE OCTOPUS ARMS FROM AN INSANE PERSON INSIDE A RADIATION CONTAINMENT ROOM.

IN THE EARLY DAYS AT XAVIER'S SCHOOL I USED TO THINK THAT LATER. IN THE FUTURE, THINGS WOULD CHANGE AND MY LIFE WOULD NORMALIZE. BUT I'M IN THE FUTURE NOW. AND, MIRACULOUS AS IT IS, ITS JUST NOT ANY DIFFERENT.

PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE TO FIX.

REMARKABLE.

THESE ARE ALMOST PERFECT REPLICAS OF *OCTAVIUS'S* ARMS.

"REPLICAS"? HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY'RE NOT THE REAL THING?

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. OCTAVIUS IS DEAD. AND EVEN IF HE *WASN'T*, HE HASN'T LOOKED LIKE THAT, OR WORN THAT OUTFIT, IN *YEARS*.

PLUS HE WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THE FIVE OF YOU!

WELL... WHAT IF HE'S TRAVELED HERE FROM THE PAST? IT WOULD EXPLAIN THE GAMMA RADIATION, AND HIS DESIRE TO SEE DR. JUDE.

ABSURD. CONTRARY TO SENSATIONALIST MEDIA, TIME TRAVEL IS EXCEPTIONALLY RARE. THOUGH IT'S ALMOST ALWAYS A HOAX. THERE HASN'T BEEN A VERIFIED CASE IN...

NO. DON'T TELL ME.

SPIDER-MAN. DOCTOR. AS I SAID, I'M HENRY MCCOY. DOCTOR HENRY MCCOY. YOU MAY BE FAMILIAR WITH MY, UH, "OLDER" SELF. HE'S BLUE. WHICH IS WEIRD.

HE...I... TRAVELED TO THE PAST AND PLUCKED MYSELF AND MY FRIENDS FROM OUR TIMESTREAM TO BRING US TO THE FUTURE. OUR FUTURE. YOUR PRESENT.

MY GOD. NO WONDER YOU LOOK THE SAME!

THIS PROVES NOTHING.

BUT IF *THEY* CAME THROUGH FROM THE PAST, PERHAPS *OTHERS* DID AS WELL. PERHAPS THERE WAS A RIFT, OR SOME WEAKENING OF THE CONTINUUM.

OH MAN, I HOPE *THAT* DIDN'T HAPPEN.

IT DOESN'T MATTER IF THAT HAPPENED OR NOT, THAT MAN IN THERE IS *NOT* OTTO OCTAVIUS. OF THAT I'M *CERTAIN.*

YOUR PASSIONATE CERTAINTY ASIDE, SPIDER-MAN, WITH SO MUCH GAMMA RADIATION CASCADING OFF OF HIS BODY, WE CAN'T MAKE A PROPER SCAN OR EXAMINATION OF HIM TO *PROVE* IT.

I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW IT'S POSSIBLE FOR A MAN THAT RADIOACTIVE TO EVEN BE *ALIVE.*

I WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AS WELL. UNFORTUNATELY, MUCH AS I'M LOATH TO ADMIT IT, THIS PROBLEM IS BEYOND EVEN *MY* CAPABILITIES.

THERE'S ONLY *ONE MAN* WHOSE KNOWLEDGE EXCEEDS MINE IN THIS FIELD.

NO, THAT'S *GREY GARGOYLE. THAT'S* DRAGON MAN.

WHAT! ARE YOU *SURE?*

YES, I'M SURE. ONE'S A DRAGON AND ONE'S GREY. NEXT WE'LL GET WORKING ON YOUR NICK NOLTE/ GARY BUSEY RECOGNITION.

HILARIOUS.

DEEDLE-DEE! DEEDLE-DEE! DEEDLE-DEE!

AW CRAP. AVENGERS HOTLINE.

SUPER HEROES THINK THEY RUN THE WORLD. ALWAYS A PAIN IN THE KEISTER.

THIS IS SPIDER-MAN, AVENGERS ID#12391034. I NEED TO BE PUT IN CONTACT WITH ID#1136 FOR A SPECIAL CONSULTATION. NON-GENOCIDAL EMERGENCY PROTOCOL ENACTED.

HEY, SPIDEY. THE GOOD DOCTOR IS WRAPPING UP A MISSION FOR US JUST NOW.

"THEN HE'LL BE READY FOR A CONSULT."

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT

INDESTRUCTIBLE HULK SPECIAL #1

Zone